

relatively large but narrow Ashin hill, surrounded by several other ridges and backs, and beyond it lies the town of Anarek. To the east and a little north, the Busurgi chain shows dark and gloomy; it looks much lower than from the Kevir, because, from the salt desert, we saw all its screes foreshortened, while now that we are on the plateau extending between Busurgi and the Anarek hill, the relative difference of height is less and the chain is more like a series of hills.

When we came down to level ground the pace changed and the bells rang louder and in quicker time, and as energetically as though it depended entirely on them whether we should reach the town that evening, or not. The weather was good, fresh, and cool, a light breeze blew in our faces, and half the sky was veiled in clouds. All the furrows here fall to the south and south-west; but we turned eastwards, leaving some small hillocks to our right. Then we mounted in the direction of the Busurgi hills over sandy ground abundantly clothed with shrubs.

The hours fly by to the ring of the bells, the sun mounts higher and the day becomes warmer, though not above 44.8° , and the thirteen camels carry us deeper into the heart of this desolate Persia. Round about us extends the monotonous country with its colourless shades and its flat undulations, where even the hills make but a slight break in the horizontal evenness, and where the eye is very seldom caught by vertical lines and more vivid sculpture. How different from Tibet, where, even in the plateau country, lakes framed in mountains present so much charming variation!

We are on a road and follow closely the tracks worn in the ground, but we meet no traveller, and see all day no other life than—the dead camel. In one place the road branches, and we are at a loss which of the two tracks to follow, but choose the right. After a while Gulam Hussein becomes doubtful, goes off to the left and then makes us a sign to leave the path to the right, and so we move aside at a sharp angle.

At mid-day Kuh-i-busurgi displays its southern outline, rugged, desolate, and dark; to the left of our route and